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EDITH VIRGINIA BRADY

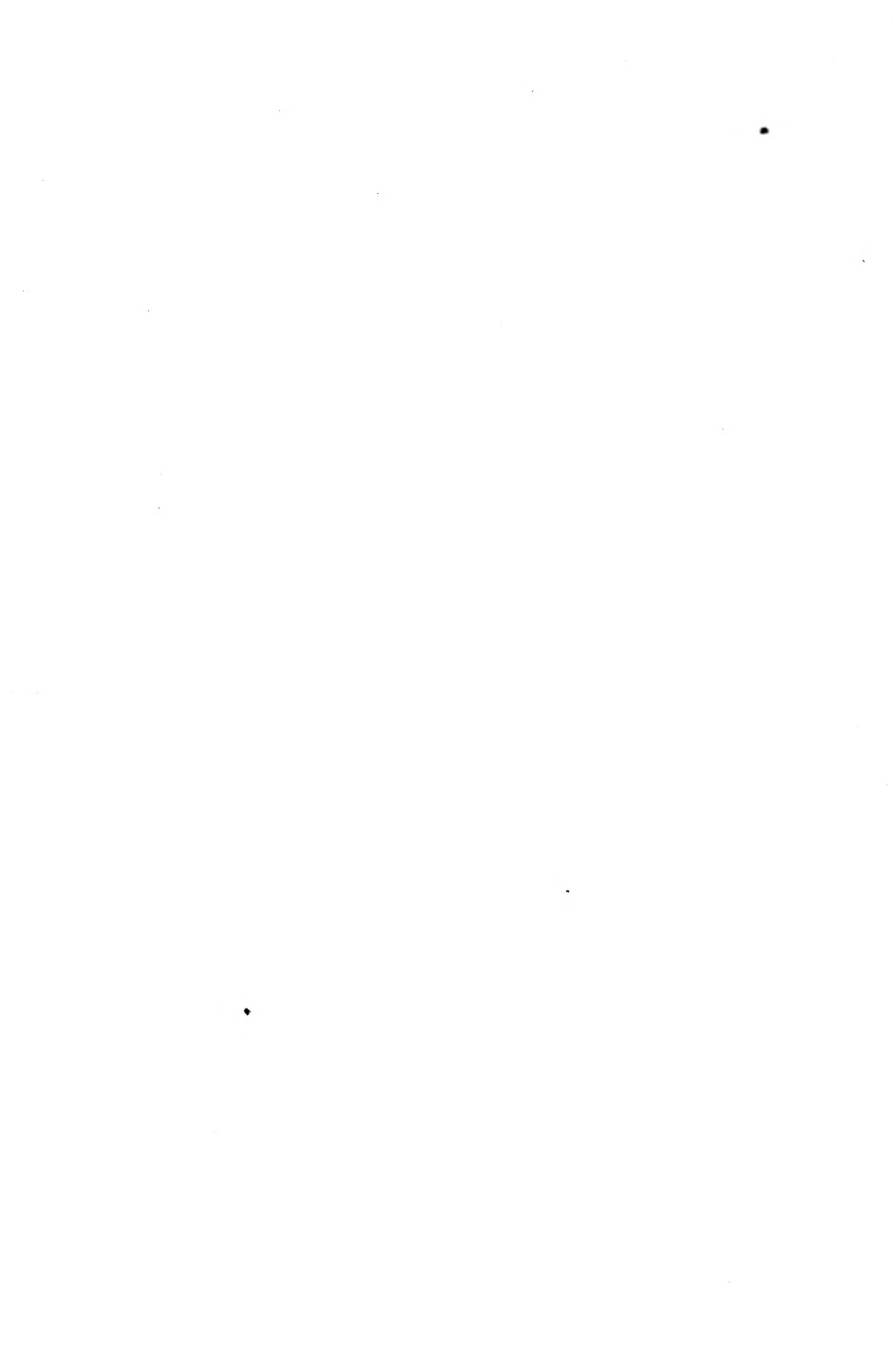


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SONGS BY THE WAY



Songs by the Way

BY

EDITH VIRGINIA BRADT

New York and Washington
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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1904

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TO MY FATHER AND MOTHER

“Like a morning bird my soul springs singing upward, into the deeps of heaven, through world on world, to follow infinite day.”

—*Dinah Muloch Craik.*

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The Song of the Heart

"This morn I will sing my song," she said,
 "While the day is young and fair;
Ere its wearing fret and toil begin,
 Or my heart has felt its care.
I will sing my song while the day is young;
I will sing as I ne'er before have sung."

She gaily lifted her fresh young voice,
 And its notes were clear and strong;
But the hurrying throng had little thought
 For the singer or the song.
She sang while the day was young and fair,
Ere her heart felt aught of its fret and care.

"This eve I must sing again," she said,
 "Aweary though I may be";
And passing sweet was the singer's voice,
 Though the song rose tremblingly.
In the day's hard press she had borne her part,
And she sang her song from a chastened heart.

In the hush of the eventide she sang
 As she ne'er before had sung;
And her voice was rich with a tenderness
 It lacked when the day was young.
She sang at eve, and the passing throng
Thanked God for the singer and the song.

“As Ye Would”

If I should see
A brother languishing in sore distress,
And I should turn and leave him comfortless,
When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness,—
How could I ask to have what I denied,
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share
A brother's load along the dusty way,
And I should turn and walk alone that day,
How could I dare—
When in the evening watch I knelt to pray—
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,
If I had heeded not my brother's cross.

If I might sing
A little song to cheer a fainting heart,
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,
When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart,
How could I hope to have my grief relieved,
If I kept silent when my brother grieved.

And so I know
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend:
But if it show
A burden lightened by the cheer I send,
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,
And lay me down to sleep in sweet content.

The Soul's Quest

Oh, the golden stores of fancies!
Oh, the joy-bell's mystic chime!
As it rings the happy changes
Of a rarer fairer clime,
Where with trials all forgotten,
In an ecstasy sublime,
We shall revel in the beauty
Of a radiant Sometime.

How its shadows dance before us—
Fairy things to guide the way;
How its music echoes o'er us—
Spirit orchestras at play;
How we strain our ears to listen
To the melodies that chime
On the waveless shores we long for,
In the radiant Sometime.

Oh, the eager host advancing!
Oh, the anxious hearts that pine!
As they catch the notes entrancing
Just beyond the boundary line—
Pressing with unwonted vigor
Toward the long-desired clime,
With its rainbow arch of promise,
In the radiant Sometime.

Oh, its blissful expectations—
How they keep us from despair!
As we wait hope's glad fruition,
In the Sometime-land so fair.
How the music swells triumphant
As we catch its notes sublime,
Wafted downward through the ages
From a radiant Sometime.

Oh, the rare anticipations!
Oh, the joys we hope to know!
How they dance before our vision,
As they whisper soft and low,
Of the heights of Satisfaction,
Where our eager feet would climb,
As we struggle on to reach them,
In that radiant Sometime.

Harbingers

Only a breath from the Southland;
A glimpse of a bluebird's wing;
The hurrying rills on the snow-capped hills,
But they herald the coming spring.

Only a violet lifting
Its tender face to the sky;
But the days grow long, and the sun is strong,
And the summer is drawing nigh.

Only a blossom-crowned orchard,
Sweet with a perfume rare;
But the soft winds blow, and the trees bend low,
With the wealth of the promise there.

Heralds of hope, we greet you!
Your promise is passing fair;
And our glad hearts sing for the joy you bring,
And the harbingers everywhere.

The Way of Peace

I sought the path of peace;
So long I sought, and far,
A place where naught might enter in
My happiness to mar.

I sought, and sought in vain,
Until with fainting heart
I turned about and found a place
Where I could bear a part

In lifting heavy loads;
In sharing other's woes;
And in the path of duty, lo!
I found my heart's repose.

At Harvest Time

A whir of wings, and a mottled trail
Against the haze of the autumn sky;
A lingering note from an eager throat,
As the summer birds go by.

A drift of leaves in the woodland ways,
With the rarest hues of the summer's bloom—
The gold and red of the garden bed
Aflame in the wildwood gloom.

A spicy breath from the burdened trees,
Where the orchards yield their harvest store;
And a burst of song from the reaper-throng
When the harvest toil is o'er.

The Sculptor's Vision

"So common are my tasks," I said;
But as I spoke complainingly,
A quaint old legend I had read
Came back to me.

A sculptor—runs the story sweet—
Sought marble without flaw or stain,
And tools for his high purpose meet,
But sought in vain.

In every clime, in every land
He sought, but naught he found sufficed;
For he would carve, with reverent hand,
The head of Christ.

No marble pure enough he found;
And worn, and spent, and spirit sore,
He gave the weary, toilsome round
Of journeying o'er.

Sadly he bowed in contrite prayer;
"O Lord of love, forgive," he cried;
And lo! a vision passing fair
Stood by his side.

"Look up, dear heart, be comforted,"—
The voice was strangely low and sweet,—
"Thou needest not to carve my head,
'Tis far more meet

"That thou shouldst shape thy life by mine,
And in thy daily ministry
That thou shouldst show my life in thine
Continually.

“Count no task common if to me
Thou render it with willing heart;
True ministry I hold to be
Life’s noblest art.”

The vision passed; with holy aim
Upon his life the sculptor wrought,
Which like unto his Lord’s became,
With service fraught.

’Tis but a legend, but it taught
This lesson passing sweet to me:
No service which for Christ is wrought
Can common be.

The Mission of the Rose

High on a trellis climbed a fair white rose,
And blossomed all alone; the while the air—
All heavy-laden with its perfume rare—
Caressed it with the softest breeze that blows.

Came the lark and sang his sweetest sonnet;
Sunbeams kissed it with the morning light;
Fairy dew-drops crowned it every night;
Gentle showers softly fell upon it.

Green leaves clustered lovingly around it;
Twinkling stars came one by one to find it;
Moonbeams with a silvery chain entwined it;
But no human eye had ever found it.

Sighed the rose because its life was wasting;
Breathed its very heart upon the air;
Filled the breath of June with perfume rare;
Sighed the rose because its death was hasting.

* * * * *

Pain-haunted, in a darkened room there lay
A little child with anxious, pleading eyes.
“If only I might have a rose,” she cries,
“I’d bear the pain so patiently to-day.”

And even as she spoke, some instinct led
The loving watcher to the window-side,
Where high upon the trellis she espied
The first white rose within its leafy bed.

Her eager fingers plucked it from the vine,
And laid it, quivering with a keen delight,
Beside the little face so pale and white,
To breathe through all the room its perfume fine.

And child and rose were wrapped in sweet content;
The soft white leaves touched cheeks as soft and
white;
Rare fragrance put the weary hours to flight,
And each to each an added beauty lent.

For every longing heart hope’s fair, white rose
Is blooming, tho it may be out of sight.
Be patient, heart, and with the morning light
Its fragrance will its hiding-place disclose.

If We Could Know

If we could hear, as we pass along,
The minor chords in our brother's song;
If we could read
The blotted lines in his once fair creed,
Would we not try
To lift him up, ere we passed him by?

As we journey on, if we could know
How tired the feet that come and go;
If we could see
The heavy burdens borne patiently—
I wonder, friend,
If we would not pause some aid to lend.

In our busy haste if we could see
The heart that bleeds for our sympathy;
If we could guess
How utter our brother's loneliness,
Would we not stay
To cheer him a little on his way?

If we but knew of the bitter tears,
Of sorrows borne through the weary years,
Would we not be
A bit more kind in our ministry?
When hearts are sad,
A bit more eager to make them glad?

A solemn charge is the life we bear;
Fleeting it is, but it may be fair
If we but heed
The outstretched hands and the hearts that plead,
And day by day,
Strew deeds of kindness along their way.

“Consider the Lilies”

It was only an earthen vessel
By a weary worker's loom;
But a bunch of snowy lilies,
With their delicate perfume,
Concealed its imperfections
And glorified the room.

They filled the air with their fragrance
And brightened the room with their grace;
They smiled on the weary toilers
And lightened each care-worn face,
Till it seemed that a benediction
Was resting on all the place.

And the humble earthen vessel,
That had seemed of no use before,
'Neath its freight of snowy lilies
A glorified image wore:
It was reckoned a part of the blessing;
A share in the honor bore.

Our lives are but earthen vessels
In the busy haunts of care;
But in patient burden-bearing
We may make them wondrous fair;
And our deeds of loving service
Are the lilies that we bear.

The Every Day of Life

The man who stands on the topmost round
Of the storied ladder of fame,
On the scroll of life, with a steady hand,
May proudly carve his name.
But the man who *earns* the victor's crown,
And wins in earth's mad strife,
Is the man who knows and does the right
In the everyday of life.

The palm and the laurel-wreath may go
To the man the world calls great,
Who wields the sceptre, and leads the van
In the merry march of fate.
But the man who lives in the hearts of men,
In the midst of earth's mad strife,
Is the man who serves his fellow-man
In the everyday of life.

The world is wide and its gilded charms
Are more than passing fair;
But it gives at best but an empty name
To the men who do and dare.
But the man whose name is written high
Above earth's toil and strife,
Is the man who nobly conquers self
In the everyday life.

Influence

A rainbow in the sky—
And on the bosom of a thousand streams
A thousand rainbows lie;
The river and the brook alike reflect
The radiant arch on high.

So may my little life
Touch other lives with beautifying power;
Amid earth's care and strife,
Where'er I go along the storm-swept paths,
May rainbow tints be rife.

The Sweet Old Songs

Would that I could hear the music of the dear old
hymns once more
As I heard the choir sing them in the happy days of
yore
In the quaint old village chapel, where the overhanging
trees
Rustled, in responsive measure, in the gentle summer
breeze.

How the memory fills and thrills me! almost I can
hear again
"Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," as I used to hear it
then;
And across my fevered spirit waves of consolation roll
As I seem to hear them singing "Jesus, Lover of My
Soul."

I have heard the world's great singers; they have
thrilled me with their art,
But to-night the sweet old music steals into my
troubled heart,
And the fair, celestial city almost bursts upon my
sight
As I hear them softly singing "I Can Tarry but a
Night."

"I'm a Pilgrim and a Stranger," aye the palace of de-
light
Seems to open to receive me as I sit and dream to-
night
Of the sweet old hymns that charmed me in the care-
free days gone by,
When on wings of song we mounted to the "Mansions
in the Sky."

"Blest Be the Tie That Binds," I hear them singing as
of yore,
And above me bend the faces of the loved ones gone
before;
Soon for me will come the summons, soon I'll join with
sweet accord
In the glad, triumphal chorus, "Holy, Holy, Holy!
Lord."

She Only Sleeps

She is not dead—she only sleeps the sleep
Of one who wearied with her toil, gives o'er,
And falls into a slumber sweet and deep,
To waken on the bright, eternal shore.

She is not dead—we will not have it so;
The busy hands, close-folded on her breast—
The feet that were so swift to come and go
Had grown earth-weary, and God gave them rest.

She is not dead—the old-time smile is there
Upon the lips that never failed to smile
On every object of her love and care.
She is not dead—she only sleeps awhile.

She is not dead—and though we weep to-day,
Low-bending o'er her quiet, flower-strewn bed,
We cannot feel that she is far away,—
She only sleeps,—we know she is not dead.

Prospect and Retrospect

It is the morning:

Trackless before me lies the path of day;
No foot has ever trod the unbroken way;
The untried hours are heavy with the freight
Of all the possibilities that wait.
Oh day, Oh perfect day but just begun,
What of my record at the set of sun?
God grant to make me strong, and brave, and true,
That evening may find nothing to undo.

It is the even-tide:

With tear-dimmed eyes I look along the way
My wayward feet have traveled all the day—
The fair and flawless day that I have marred;
The trackless path that I have seamed and scarred
With many an uncertain footstep, many a fall;
The unfilled hours, now gone beyond recall—
Alas! the day I meant to keep so fair
Has scarce a trace of beauty anywhere.

O Lord of love, forgive!

With heart bowed down I give thee back thy day;
No deed can I undo, no word unsay;
Unbound, my sheaves lie all about my feet,
And every task is sadly incomplete—
Little of good have I to offer thee.
Father, forgive, and grant to vouchsafe me
Another day, and with the day the grace
A fairer record on its page to trace.

A Song of Hope

“In the morning”—
Oh, blessed words of hope and cheer!
What though the night be dark and drear,
And hot tears fall like summer rain,
I know that joy will come again—
In the morning.

And what though storms of sorrow blow,
And all my treasured hopes lie low;
What though my heart with grief be numb,
Full well I know that joy will come
In the morning.

E'en though the morn be long delayed,
Oh, heart of mine, be undismayed,
For still I hear the sweet refrain:
“Be patient; joy will come again,
In the morning.”

Blessed morning!
Thy beams shall fall upon my heart
And bid the shades of night depart;
My life, all purified by pain,
Be meet to welcome joy again,
In the morning.

Life's Weaving

We are weaving the thread of our life-webs
 Day by day,
And its colors are sometimes somber,
 Sometimes gay;
For we dye it with every passing thought,
And with words and deeds is the pattern wrought.

The pattern will grow into likeness
 Of our creed;
If the thought be loving and tender,
 Fair the deed,
It glows with a beauty rich and rare,
And its fadeless colors are passing fair.

But, alas, it is interwoven
 Oft with sin,
And the somber thread of an evil thought
 Is woven in.
The pattern is marred as the shuttles fly,
And the colors fade as the days go by.

We are weaving our webs for eternity
 Day by day.
If we make the pattern beautiful,
 As we may,
The Master-weaver will, one by one,
Test the glowing colors and say "Well done!"

Our weaving days will be over
 By and by,
And the busy shuttles motionless,
 And silent lie.
God grant that each weaver may do his best,
That his finished fabric may stand the test.

“Into the Deep”

The empty nets trailed in the quiet sea
That held its own within its close embrace.
The little boat had moved from place to place,
But still the fishermen toiled fruitlessly
Until the night was o’er,
And spent with toil they fain would go ashore.

The morning broke in glory o’er the sea
As on the sun-kissed shore One stood alone,
Yearning with pitying heart to bless his own:
And, hopeless, they knew not that it was he
Who stood upon the shore,
Until he greeted them as oft of yore.

“Launch out into the deep!” he cried. “In vain
They seek the prize who linger near the shore.”
And lo! their nets were filled as ne’er before,
As at his word they let them down again,
Where, many fathoms deep,
The waters could their own no longer keep.

And so to hopeless toilers on life’s sea
There comes a voice from yonder sun-kissed shore:
“Launch out into the deep! and evermore
Thy lowered nets shall full to breaking be.”
So, heart of mine, set sail,
And cast thy nets where blessings never fail.

Only

Only a violet,
Blue as the skies;
But it mirrors the spring
In its azure eyes.

Only a lark,
 High in the air;
But it sings of hope,
 And the world grows fair.

Only the patter
 Of April showers;
But they wake to life
 The sweet May flowers.

Only a word
 Tenderly spoken;
But it comforts a heart
 That is well-nigh broken.

Only a song
 From a fresh young heart;
But it cheers a life
 That is lived apart.

Only a friend
 In a time of need;
But it saves a soul
 From an evil deed.

And song, and bird,
 And April shower;
And friend, and word,
 And sweet May flower,

Are but a part
 Of God's great plan
To teach the lessons
 Of life to man.

“Of Countless Mothers, I am Only One” *

With breaking heart a heathen mother bore
Her dead child in her arms from door to door.

In vain she sought a remedy for death,
For none could bring again the fluttering breath.

Then sped she with her swift and anxious feet
Among the pilgrims in the crowded street,

And cried aloud in bitter agony,
“Alas! is there not one to pity me?”

“In all the multitude is there not one
To bring to life again my little son?”

Before her grief the hurrying throng was dumb;
But one who sought to comfort her said, “Come,

“And let us haste to yonder temple dim
Where Tara Taken is, and unto him

“Thy story thou shalt tell, and he will give
His blessing, and thy little son shall live.”

With heart aflame she sought the sacred place
And fell before the Wise Man on her face.

“Daughter,” he said, “arise, thy prayer is heard,
And Tara Taken pledges thee his word

“That ere this harvest moon has waned thy son
Shall live again, if thou canst find him one

“From out whose home has gone no precious life;
No husband, parent, children, slave, nor wife.”

Then up and down the street she passed again,
But everywhere her eager quest was vain.

“Ah, woe is me!” in piteous grief she cried;
“In every home some precious one has died.

“Of countless mothers I am only one
To bury from my sight my little son.”

The Legend of the Lily

Not as the common flowers of earth
The Easter lily had its birth;
Not as the myriad flowers that grow
In common soil, and bud and blow
Where multitudes pass to and fro.

But in a garden, still and fair,
And balmy in the Easter air,
While yet the early morning gloom
Cast shadows on the riven tomb,
The peerless flower began to bloom.

Thus runs the legend, quaint and sweet:
Wher'er the Master's pierced feet
In Joseph's garden touched the ground,
A strange and wondrous flower was found,
Its perfume stealing all around.

The pathway from the shadowy tomb
Was starred with lilies all abloom;
Stately and sweet beyond compare,
The hurrying women found them there,
And marveled at a flower so fair.

They called it "lily," and to-day
Upon our Easter shrines we lay
The stately, golden-hearted flower,
Which first in that glad Easter hour
Gave proof of resurrection power.

Speak Your Love for me To-day

The new-made grave is closed, and covered o'er
With tributes rare;
The fairest flowers that tender hands could bring
Are scattered there.

And underneath lies one whose life has been
So full of care,
So heavy with the burdens none had thought
To help her bear;

Whose hungry heart has oftentimes cried out
Appealingly
For love's expression, and for tender words
Of sympathy.

Ah, friends, too late you bring your costly flowers;
Too late your tears—
For her hath sweetly dawned the light of Heaven's
Eternal years.

And now it matters not at all to her,
That on her grave
Are strewn the flowers that in her life of care
You never gave.

She needs not now the love that in her life
She needed much;
She cares not for your sympathy, nor craves
Your tender touch.

She heeds not that above her confined clay
You drop your tears
And speak the words of praise you have withheld
Through weary years.

Too late! for while you weeping bend above
The flower-strewn sod,
Forevermore she dwells in peace among
The saints of God.

Friends, speak your love for me to-day, nor let
Me vainly crave
The tribute that your hands will lay upon
My new-made grave.

Life's Builders

Like little children building on the sand,
How oft we plan, and rear with foolish pride
The flimsy structures that cannot withstand
The rising of the swiftly flowing tide.

And when our sand-built houses are laid low,
How often we return, and childishly
Begin to build again, e'en though we know
How false the promise of the placid sea;

E'en though we know how frail the house of sand,
How pitiless the tide, how sure its rise—
We build our castles on the gleaming strand
And yield them to the sea a sacrifice.

Swept by the tides of years, at last we stand—
Bereft and sick at heart, our labor lost—
Alone upon the treacherous, tide-washed strand,
And learn life's lesson at its bitterest cost.

A Thanksgiving Parable

Within a gallery where hang the gems
The world has crowned with fame's fair diadems,—
A treasure house complete,—
I pass along the corridors, and turn
From light to shade, from glad to sad, and learn
A lesson strangely sweet.

For here a picture breathes of joy untold,
And there one tells of sorrows manifold;
But still the master-hand
In every well-directed touch I see;
In sad and glad life's lesson comes to me,
And I can understand.

For life is but a gallery wherein
The boundless mercies of the Lord are seen;
Where by his master-hand
The lights and shadows skilfully are blent,
And glad and sad alike in love are sent,
And all is wisely planned.

So may I take thy gifts, O Lord of all,
And hang them, one by one, on memory's wall,
And with a glad surprise,
In light and shade, see life grow fair and sweet;
Through glad and sad thy work become complete
Before my wondering eyes.

Seed-Time and Harvest

Seed-time and nesting birds—

The air is all heavy with perfume rare,
The hope of the summer is everywhere,
And a joy too full for words.

Orchards all blossom-crowned—

The old earth wrapped in the mantle of spring,
A brooding promise in everything,
And a happiness new found.

Skies with an azure light—

Zephyrs that scatter their sweets as they pass,
And violets dotting the springing grass,
And a world all fair and bright.

* * * * *

Harvest and birds a-wing—

Orchard and vineyard with rich fruitage crowned,
And a golden sheen on the sheaves well-bound—
Fulfilment in everything.

Leaves that flutter and fall—

And skies that mourn 'neath a mystic veil
For the fading beauty of hill and vale,
And a sweet peace over all.

Life has its spring and fall,

Its singing birds, and its birds a-wing;
Its fair seed-time and its harvesting,
And the dear Lord over all.

Life has its falling leaf—

When the Reaper gathers the ripened grain,
And binds it securely with love's strong chain
In a shining golden sheaf.

“Lux Benigna”

“Lead, kindly Light.”

Happy the song of youth and blithe the heart;
Life's paths untried, unfelt life's ache and smart;
Adown the years
Life's fair mirage to eager eyes appears.

“Lead, kindly Light”;

Life in its fullness sends the tender prayer
Upon the wings of song through all the air;
By night and day
It craves the Light upon its onward way.

“Lead, kindly Light”;

'Tis sorrow cries, through swiftly falling tears;
Life's joys grow dim; its gladness disappears;
Oh, radiant Light!
Dispel the gathering shadows of the night.

“Lead, kindly Light”;

Dark grows the way; the sky is overcast:
Life's little day is ebbing sure and fast;
Lead through the night,
Till faith forevermore be lost in sight.

Mary's Memorial

“Let her alone!” And at the Master's word
The stern rebuke is hushed. The while the air
Is heavy-laden with a perfume rare,
As Mary pours her gift upon her Lord.

“Let her alone! Her costly offering,
With love and sacrifice so richly fraught,
A goodly work on me, her Lord, hath wrought;
Her royal gift doth honor to her King.

“Let her alone! What she hath done this day,
While ages roll, shall unforgotten be;
Where'er the Gospel's preached from sea to sea
It shall be a memorial for aye.”

O blessed words of comfort! Understood
So well by tired Marys of to-day—
What joy if e'en of me the Master say,
“Let her alone; she hath done what she could.”

Scattered Sweets

Only a bunch of lilies
Clustering at my feet,
Unconscious of their beauty—
Wafting their fragrance sweet;
Only some lilies in white array,
But my heart was cheered the livelong day.

Only a burst of music
Floating through the night,
Through shutters partly opened—
The singer out of sight;
Only a song, but it thrilled my heart
As I sat in my lonely home apart.

Only a quiet whisper—
A sympathetic smile,
A tender word of comfort,
My sorrow to beguile;
Only a smile and a whispered word,
But my troubled heart was strangely stirred.

Only a strong hand offered
To help me bear my load,
As my neighbor journeyed with me
Along the dusty road;
Only a burden shared: but the way
Was shorter by half than yesterday.

The clustered lilies gathered
Fresh sweetness all the day;
The singer's tender carol
Still echoes on its way;
And the tender smile, and the whispered words,
Lodge in my heart like nested birds.

The Time of the Singing of Birds

“The time of the singing of birds is come”—
The singing of birds, and the purling of brooks,
And the springing of flowers in vernal nooks;
The time of the blossom on bough and spray,
When the earth is glad and the heart is gay.

“The time of the singing of birds is come”—
The singing of birds, and the bursting of bloom,
The shine of the sun, and the wind-blown perfume;
The time when the crystalline air is rife
With the brooding charm of a quickened life.

“The time of the singing of birds is come”—
The singing of birds, and the glow of the sky;
The fall of the dew, and the wind’s lullaby;
The singing of birds, and the promise of June,
And the glad refrain of a heart in tune.

The Secret of Happiness

Whither away, my soul?
I go to seek life's goal—
The far-famed spring of human happiness;
I seek it near and far,
But like yon shooting star
It flashes, and I lose it in the press.

The mountain heights I scale,
And lo! 'tis in the vale;
But when I swift descend the mountain side,
The shadow lies below,
And thus, where'er I go
My search is vain—my heart unsatisfied.

Oh foolish heart, be still!
Go wheresoe'er you will,
Your idle quest will still avail you naught;
Elusive as a dream
Is yonder radiant gleam—
It lures you, but denies the gift you sought.

Know you that happiness
Is for him to possess
Who stands foursquare with God, and does his
best;
Who lives for God and man
Works out life's noblest plan;
By him unsought is happiness possessed.

"Deo Gratias"

The good monk Felix, at the evening bell,
Knelt long in prayer within his quiet cell,
And from his lips the words devoutly fell—
"Deo Gratias."

His lot in life to him seemed right and good,
And always for the poor and scanty food
His heart cried out in love and gratitude—
"Deo Gratias."

He stood within the monastery gate,
His hand stretched through the bars, for alms to wait,
And for each gift he cried with heart elate—
"Deo Gratias."

The little children, passing to and fro,
Would oftentimes their tiny gifts bestow,
And wonder, as they heard in accents low—
"Deo Gratias."

The years passed by; the monk grew worn and old;
He suffered oft with hunger, oft with cold;
But still he cried: "For mercies manifold—
Deo Gratias."

God took him; and above his grave they placed
A rudely fashioned cross, on which they traced
In letters which have never been effaced—
"Deo Gratias."

The centuries have passed; but Felix still
Speaks on, in hearts that know and love God's will,
Content to say, through good report and ill—
"Deo Gratias."

René's Sacrifice

(A Legend of the Valley of Chambrá.)

There was drought in the Valley of Chambrá,
And death and despair;
The piteous wails of the dying
Rose shrill on the air.

Little children were fading like flowers;
Again and again
For a draught of life-giving water
They pleaded in vain.

Alas! there was no one to help them,
No strong hand to stay
The march of the Angel of Death
On his pitiless way—

“Unless,” said the oracle, “René,
The princess, will give
Her noble young life; for thus only
Her people may live.”

“I am ready,” said René, the princess;
“Delay not, I pray!”
And to die for her perishing people
They led her away.

Then swift from her grave on the hillside,
As a bird on the wing,
There flowed o’er the desolate valley
A life-giving spring.

As a river in volume, the waters
Were hurried along,
Bringing joy to the valley of Chambrá,
And laughter and song.

And the dear little famishing children
Were happy again;
No longer for draughts of cool water
They pleaded in vain.

It is only a mystical legend—
A fable of old;
But a lesson more striking and tender
No fable could hold.

De Profundis

(On the Death of President McKinley.)

Wrapped in her veil of tears, the Nation bends
With anguished heart above her martyred dead.
Lord God of Hosts, to thee our prayer ascends
That in our grief we may be comforted.

We cannot fathom thy mysterious way—
Thy face is hid; but as beneath the rod
We pass with hearts bowed down, we hear thee say:
“Be still! Be still!—and know that I am God.”

Aye, God of Nations, thou art with us yet,
E'en though from out the depths we lift our cry;
E'en though our sorely-stricken hearts forget—
Yet in our stress and sorrow thou art nigh.

Nigh to the Nation keeping watch to-day,
With anguished heart, beside her martyred dead;
Nigh as with one accord we humbly pray
That in our grief we may be comforted.

Our Country's Day of Days

(A Meditation for Independence Day.)

Oh land of lands! our fathers paid the price
Of all this fair and goodly heritage;
With pain and want, with toil and sacrifice—
We read the record stamped on history's page.

We read and question: Are we brave as they?
Have we the courage still to dare and do?
The strength to face the issues of the day
With hearts that thrill with purpose high and true?

Undaunted in the stormy days of old,
With swords unsheathed they fared forth to the
fray;
And we, Oh land of lands, would still uphold
Thy stainless record in this better day.

In peace or turmoil we would boldly stand,
Oh land of lands, where we can serve thee best—
Serve till the highest good our fathers planned
Is thine from North to South, from East to West;

Serve with a lofty aim and righteous deed,
Though many scoff, and few there be that praise.
Thus would we sign and seal the patriot's creed,
And honor thee on this thy day of days.

Our Heroes' Battle Flag

(Dedicated to the Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment, upon its Return from the Philippines.)

Brilliant are the colors flying o'er our heroes' heads to-day;
Not a stain to mar their beauty, ne'er a mark of march or fray.
But no banner waving o'er them shines with luster half so bright
As the tattered flag they carried in the thickest of the fight.

Where the blistering sun fell on them like a rain of molten fire,
And the way through tangled thickets lay, or through the marsh and mire,
On the long and weary march it waved above them day and night—
The tattered flag they carried in the thickest of the fight.

When the shot and shell were flying, and the awful fight was on,
And the blood of heroes paid the price of every victory won,
There, above the scenes of carnage, like a holy beacon light,
Shone the tattered flag they carried in the thickest of the fight.

Set the brilliant banners flying, it is meet on this glad
day
That they wave in countless numbers o'er our heroes'
homeward way,
But no other flag will shine for them with luster half
so bright
As the tattered flag they carried in the thickest of the
fight.

The Organ Keeper's Story

In the dim old Freiburg Cathedral,
With its aisles of fretted stone,
And its saint-emblazoned windows,
An old man toiled alone.
And as oft as he passed the organ
With its pipes of burnished gold,
He sought to waken its music
With his fingers worn and old.

Full often a weary pilgrim
From his journey turned aside,
Shutting out the world and its burdens—
Forgetting its pomp and pride—
To rest in the hushed Cathedral,
And breathe out his heart in prayer;
And always, within the shadows
The old man waited there.

When the pilgrim, refreshed and strengthened,
In the silence turned away,
He suddenly stepped before him,
And gently whispered, "stay."
Then leading him to the organ
He told in his childish pride
How *his* touch had called forth its music
Ere age had set him aside.

And how, even now, save the master's,
His hands alone had the right
To touch the wonderful organ;
And though but to keep it bright
And free from dust and defilement
He toiled in the temple dim,
Yet his spirit soared when the master played,
Responsive to every hymn.

There came to the great Cathedral,—
Goes the story,—one golden day,
A pilgrim who paused by the organ,
And slipped on the bench to play.
But the old man sternly forbade him:
“No stranger may touch it,” said he;
“To touch the Cathedral organ
Is but for the master, and me.”

But heedless of all denial,
Regardless of all reproof,
The music fell from his fingers
And rose to the vaulted roof.
It echoed through nave and transept;
It throbbed with a harmony rare,
Till it seemed that the music of heaven
Was trembling upon the air.

And hushed into wondering silence,
With his worn old face aglow,
It seemed to the organ-keeper
That angels were bending low,
And striking their harps together
In a grand, triumphant hymn,
To echo in strains celestial
Through the temple vast and dim.

The music ceased, and the stranger
Stepped down with a shining face;
But the awe-struck organ-keeper
Still stood in his wonted place.
With a quivering voice, and tender,
For pardon he humbly prayed.
“Ne’er,” said he, “in Freiburg Cathedral
Has music so rare been played.”

With his fathers the old organ-keeper
Has slept for many a year;
But still in Freiberg Cathedral
The quaint old tale you may hear.
For still they tell to the pilgrims,
How by a stranger outdone,
The old man listened with rapture
To the playing of Mendelssohn.

The Whispering Birch

Long ago there lived a princess—
Slender, graceful, very fair;
Clad in rare and costly raiment,
Jewels gleaming in her hair.

Green the robes she wore in summer,
But in autumn, we are told,
With her own fair hands the princess
Wove a robe of shining gold.

But alas! this lovely princess—
So the quaint old story goes—
Whispered, whispered, always whispered,
Till in anger there arose

One who long had frowned upon her,—
Queen of all the fairies she,—
And with magic wand uplifted
Changed her to a slender tree.

“Whisperer!” cried the angry fairy,
“Tell your secrets to the breeze;
Evermore within the forest
Must you stand among the trees.”

So she stands, so tall and slender,
Whispering, whispering, day and night;
Wearing, still, green robes in summer,
And in autumn, golden-bright.

Memorial Day

Lifting the veil of the vanished years,
Piercing the shade and the mist,
Close by the side of the garlanded graves,
Memory is keeping her tryst.

Sweet is the May-time, and sweet are the flowers,
But sweeter by far to be,
Tho' the years may come, and the years may go,
Beloved of Memory.

And whether the towering marble shaft,
Or whether the nameless stone,
It matters not, for she knows them all,
And marks them all for her own.

Ah, sweet is the May-time and sweet the flowers,
But sweetest of all is the thought
To Memory's heart, of the noble deeds
That her hero dead have wrought.

Sweetest Things

The sweetest flowers are the flowers that bloom
In the busy haunts of life,
That fill the air with their sweet perfume
In the midst of the toil and strife.

The sweetest songs are the songs we sing
In the ceaseless rounds of care,
Where sad hearts thrill with the cheer they bring
To the weary toilers there.

The sweetest joy is the joy to give
Of the best our lives afford,
And just to trust, each day we live,
In the fulness of the Lord.

Mizpah

It may be mine
The stormy waves to breast;
It may be thine
By quiet streams to rest;
Yet everywhere
The Lord His watch doth keep—
His tender care
Guards e'en His wandering sheep.

It may be mine
The mountain heights to scale;
It may be thine
To skirt the shadowy vale;
And yet I know
That He will keep us there—
We cannot go
Beyond His guardian care.

It may be mine
To drink at Marah's well;
It may be thine
In tents of ease to dwell;
And yet between,
His loving care shall be,
And he will e'en
Keep watch 'twixt me and thee.

It may be mine
To reach the promised land;
It may be thine
On that bright shore to stand.
The path is steep
For weary feet to roam,
But He will keep
His watch, and bring us home.

“Ich Dien”

(I Serve.)

A happy servitude, because I know,
On whatsoever errand I may go,
 That all the while
 My dear Lord's smile
Will make my sunshine when the clouds bend low.

A royal servitude, because I wait
Upon the King of Kings enthroned in state;
 And day by day,
 Along the way,
He heeds my service, whether small or great.

A blessed servitude, because my Lord
Asks nothing that my strength cannot afford;
 So patiently
 He bears with me,
And crowns my service with a rich reward.

Through the Century's Open Door

The centuries move on,
A glorious march of epoch-making years;
And lo! the star of Progress still appears
To light the coming dawn.

Through the swift-opening door,
As in a magic mirror we behold
Our treasured hopes rise grandly, fold on fold,
To heights untouched before.

All barriers swept away,
From out the golden dreams of ages past
The Unattained leaps forth, to wield at last
An undisputed sway.

And in the wilderness
Are prophet-voices crying night and day:
"Press on! Press on! who seeks the upward way
The fair land shall possess."

Oh gracious, glad new year!
Oh dawning century! Oh potent hour
So full of possibility and power!
What have our hearts to fear

Save their own faithlessness?
Thou God of all the Ages, hear our prayer;
Uphold us as we strive to do and dare,
And guide, and guard, and bless.

The Lightened Cross

When sorrow came I lifted in despair
The heavy cross;
It seemed to me I could not learn to bear
My pain and loss.

With faltering feet, half-fainting and distressed,
From day to day,
Beneath the grievous load I sadly pressed
My weary way.

My heavy eyes with unshed tears were dim;
I could not see
The pitying glance and outstretched hands of Him
Who walked with me.

I struggled on and knew not He was there;
But when the road
Through tangled thickets led, I could not bear
Alone my load.

"I cannot bear this burden, Lord!" I cried,
"This pain and loss;"
And lo! I saw Him standing at my side,
To share my cross.

"I have been near thee all the way, dear heart,"
He said to me.
"How couldst thou think that I would walk apart,
Nor succor thee?"

"I saw thy lagging footsteps and I came
So close to thee,
I thought that thou would'st hear Me call thy name
And answer me."

Alas! I had been blind so wilfully;
I might have known
That one so loving would not suffer me
To walk alone.

But since I know that He is near to share
My pain and loss,
It is not grievous, and with Him I bear
My lightened cross.

St. Christopher

The stream was wide, the current swift and strong,
But good St. Offerus feared not to breast
The swelling tide, that he might speed along
The pilgrim, at the river's brink distressed.

Thus runs the legend, beautiful and old:
One night the storm beat furious and high,
When, resting from his labors manifold,
The good Saint heard a feeble, wailing cry.

He battled with the waves, nor rested till
He stood at length upon the farther shore;
His search was vain; the pleading voice was still,
And in the darkness he returned once more.

But lo! again that cry fell on his ear;
Again he plunged into the swelling tide,
With never thought of weariness nor fear,
To bear the pilgrim from the other side.

But once again his eager quest was vain—
No stranger waited for his ministry;
Yet scarcely had he reached the shore again,
When that same helpless cry rose pleadingly.

And when again he reached the farther shore,
Amazed, he found a helpless little child:
All tenderly the tiny load he bore,
And plunged again into the breakers wild.

But as he struggled with the angry tide
His helpless burden strangely heavy grew;
Until at last upon the homeward side
A man, the Christ-Man, stood before his view.

Oh wondrous vision! Blessed ministry!
Oh happy Saint, and passing rich reward!
"A little child thou servest faithfully,
And thou hast done it unto me, thy Lord."

"Christ-Offerus henceforth thy name shalt be;
And every pilgrim succored in distress
I will account as service done to me,
And all thy labors I will richly bless."

St. Christopher! Like thee would we be found
Beside the stream of human suffering;
Like thee, for love of Christ, would we abound
In lowly, self-forgetful ministering.

Like thee, may it be ours the Christ to bear
Where the dark streams of sin and sorrow run;
And as we seek a brother's load to share,
May it be ours to serve the Blessed One.

Life's Afterwhile

Oh heart of mine, be patient;
Some glad day,—
With all life's puzzling problems
Solved for aye;
With all its storms and doubtings
Cleared away;
With all its little disappointments past,—
It shall be thine to understand at last.

Be patient, some sweet day
The anxious care,—
The fears and trials, and the
Hidden snare;
The grief that comes upon thee
Unaware,—
Shall with the fleeting years be laid aside,
And thou shall then be fully satisfied.

Be patient; keep thy life work
Well in hand;
Be trustful where thou canst not
Understand;
Thy lot, whate'er it be,
Is wisely planned—
Whate'er its mysteries, God holds the key:
Thou well canst trust him and bide patiently.

Resignation

God knoweth best. It is not meet
That we should murmur at his will;
'T is ours to "suffer and be still,"
Low lying at his feet.

He knoweth best. Our blinded eyes,
So dim with unshed tears, can see
No light athwart the gloom, till he
Shall bid the clouds arise.

He knoweth best. We cannot tell
Why he doth sever tender ties;
We only know that he is wise;
He doeth all things well.

He knoweth best. His love hath planned
Each step that marks our onward way;
'Tis is ours to trust him—come what may,
"Our times are in his hand."

He knoweth best who loveth best;
He leadeth us from day to day;
'T is ours to follow all the way,
And leave to him the rest.

The Message of the Eastertide

Last spring
I laid a bulb beneath the cold, brown earth,
And waited for its Easter blossoming.
Sometimes, when storms raged fiercely all about,
My anxious heart was given o'er to doubt.
I thought my tender bulb must surely die
Ere winter with its bitter storms passed by.

But lo!
I found to-day, upon a slender stalk,
A stately lily, white as drifted snow,
A sunbeam nestling in its heart of gold—
A thing of beauty and of grace untold.
And like a dream of incense, rich and rare,
It sends its fragrance stealing through the air.

And so
The tender Father sends the Easter joy
To hearts that faint when storms of sorrow blow.
And white-winged Hope points from the buried dead
To where the stately lily lifts its head,
Breathing the message of the Eastertide:
"The Lord is risen that was crucified."

Dear heart,
The Lord of all the lilies loveth thee;
He grieves to see thee mourn and sit apart.
Beyond earth's tears, and storms, and midnight gloom,
In joy unspeakable thy loved ones bloom.
They sing the message of the Eastertide:
"The Lord is risen that was crucified."

The Echo of the Angel's Song

Above the shining Christmas greens a silver star was
beaming;
The holly-berries red like fairy lamps alight were
gleaming;
The Christmas cheer was in the air, the Christmas bells
were pealing,
And through the stillness came the sound of Christmas
music stealing.

Among the worshippers I knelt in humble adoration;
The peace of God seemed brooding o'er the waiting
congregation,
As up and down the stately aisles, the singers, white
appareled,
Breathed forth the Christmas message in the songs
they sweetly caroled.

"Behold,"—the music rose and fell in notes of jubilation,—
"Glad tidings of great joy we bring to every tribe and
nation;
Fear not! in yonder sleeping town is born a Kingly
Stranger;
The long expected Saviour rests in Bethlehem's humble manger."

"Peace on the earth, good will to men," set all the
echoes ringing!
Let every heart be glad, and every happy voice be singing.
Be lifted up, ye hearts bowed down, forget your care
and sadness;
The Christ-child comes to bring the world a Christmas
gift of gladness.

The music faint and fainter grew; a sudden hush fell
o'er us,
For Heaven's benediction came with that triumphal
chorus;
It fell upon our waiting hearts and lifted them to
Heaven,—
The echo of the angel's song to weary mortals given.

Victory Through Surrender

I planned, but when I thought to do
God laid restraining hands on mine;
He held me while my fair design
Into a lordly structure grew;
But others wrought,
Where I had thought
That I alone the pattern knew.

My heart cried out rebelliously;
How vainly had my life been spent,
While others won so easily
The glory of accomplishment.
A whelming tide
Of wounded pride
Filled all my soul with discontent.

I tried to draw my hands away;
Some other task I would begin;
E'en yet some honor I would win,
But still God gently whispered, "Nay,"
Restraining still
My stubborn will,
And holding when I would not stay,

Until my restless hands at last
 Within his tender clasp were still;
 And yielding him my conquered will,
My heart o'erflowed with peace so vast,—
 So passing sweet,
 So all-complete,—
I praised him for the bitter past—

The dear denials that have brought
 My wayward heart into the light
 Where faith seems better far than sight;
The firm withholdings that have taught
 The joy of rest
 Upon his breast,
Though other hands my task have wrought.

To work or wait I am content;
 My will in his I fain would lose,
 And plan or build as he may choose;
Spending my life, or being spent—
 Thus may I rise
 Through sacrifice
To glorious accomplishment.

Life's Reckoning

To love—mark you, to love;
Not to bestow upon a chosen few
Affection which is every creature's due.
God never meant that any human heart
Should bid a loveless fellow-man depart.
Nay rather, his divine economy
Hath made provision bountiful and free,
Whereby the heart in giving groweth rich;
In scattering, increaseth. By the which
The lover is beloved, and his way
Can never be all barren, come what may.
For love enkindleth love, and rich is he
Who loves his fellow-man unsparingly.
Therefore, I hold through earth's unequal strife,
That life is love, and only love is life.

With the Dying Year

Old Year, farewell;
Sadly I ring for thee
A parting knell.

I thought to fill thy fleeting days with sweetness,
And lo! they mock me with their incompleteness.

I thought some seeds
Of helpfulness to sow;
Some noble deeds
To trace upon thy page while thou didst wait—
Thy book is closed; alas! it is too late.

I thought to cheer
So many fainting ones;
Alas! I hear
Upon the midnight air their piteous moan:
“We asked for bread; thou gavest us a stone.”

I thought to share
My brother's crushing load;
To help him bear
His heavy burden with love's mystic spell—
Alas! I lingered, and my brother fell.

So day by day
The deeds I would have done
I put away
A more convenient season to await—
The year is dead; alas! it is too late.

Father, forgive,
And through the coming year
Help me to live
Through every passing day, so close to thee,
That thou may'st own and bless my ministry.

The New Year

Ring out, ye glad bells, with a joyous acclaim!
From tower and belfry a welcome proclaim!
Let the whispering winds lift the happy refrain,
For the year with his promise is coming again.

On the wings of the morning he comes on his way,
And the zephyrs of evening invite him to stay;
While the spirit of Hope, with an infinite grace,
Weaves about him the spell of a deathless embrace.

Unsullied and fair are the garments he wears;
Unwritten the leaves of the book that he bears—
In the hush of the midnight our names are enrolled,
And he waits for the record our lives shall unfold.

Ring out, ye glad bells, sound the joyful refrain!
For the year with his promise is coming again.
Alike to the cot and the gay castle hall
He sendeth his cheer. Happy New Year to all!

L. & C.

They Also Serve

I would, dear Lord, that Thou shouldst set for me
Some noble task;
That I may prove the love I bear for Thee
Is all I ask.

Long time I waited, till my heart at last
Impatient grew;
Still but the common duties of the past
I found to do.

Only the old-time weariness and pain,
The well known cross;
The labors manifold and oft-times vain,
The bitter loss.

Only the wonted round of daily care
And anxious thought;
The burdens I had always had to bear—
Not these I sought.

“O Lord!” I cried again impatiently,
“But this I ask:
Set me, that I may prove my love for Thee,
Some noble task.”

And lo! a voice made answer, clear and sweet:
“Oh, child of mine,
Thy common duties are a service meet,
A task divine.

"There is no Other Life but the Eternal"

(Last words of Phillips Brooks.)

"There is no other life but the eternal."

The period of our brief existence here
Is but a reaching after things supernal,
A smile, a falling tear.

"There is no other life but the eternal."

The pilgrimage entwined with deeds of love
Shall find its record in the great Accountant's journal,
Balanced in courts above.

Love's Yesterday

'Twas only yesterday
That floods of sunshine bathed my happy heart,
And in life's sweetest strains I bore a part.
I caroled all day long
In careless, happy song,
Yesterday.

O joyous yesterday!
No cloud obscured the brightness of thy sun;
Thy golden hours were freighted, one by one,
With gifts I scarcely prized;
With joys half-realized—
Yesterday.

Oh pain-fraught yesterday!
Thy sunset glory flooded earth and sea,
When in the gathering gloom all suddenly,
My treasure went away
To never ending day—
Yesterday.

Oh love-crowned yesterday!
Thy fragrant memories crowd upon my heart,
As in my darkened home I sit apart,
And miss the fond caress;
The love and tenderness
Of yesterday.

Oh sweet, sad yesterday!
Life's music holds henceforth a minor strain,
A chord that vibrates with a note of pain;
The faint, sweet echoes ring
With songs I cannot sing—
Since yesterday.

Oh far-off yesterday!
My heart would fain recall love's mute caress,
And meet it with an answering tenderness;
Too late! through tear-dimmed eyes
I see love's sacrifice,
Yesterday.

Thy lesson, yesterday,
I learn through tears that fall like summer rain;
But through the gloom I catch the sweet refrain:
"Love's sun can never set,
Give o'er thy vain regret,"
And crown with love this day and every day.

A Christmas Message

Oh Bethlehem!

The tides of life with ceaseless ebb and flow
Sweep o'er the centuries as they come and go;
But through the mists of ages, sweet and clear,
The music of the angels' song I hear;
From thy far-distant plains I catch again
That angel-message: "Peace, good will to men,"
And with the shepherds in the early morn
I fain would seek the place where Christ was born.

Oh Christos!

Thou never bidst a seeking soul depart;
Thou hast a Bethlehem for every heart—
A manger-bed to cradle heaven's King,
For all who hear the song the angels sing:
A golden day when thou wilt enter in
To chase from darkened lives the night of sin;
In every humble soul Thou wilt be born,
And every life may have its Christmas morn.

The Parting of the Ways

Which way, O Lord?
See yonder road is broad, and smooth, and sweet
 With fragrant flowers;
The weary traveler may turn aside
 To shady bowers.
Its vista is so pleasant to my sight,
I fain would follow where its charms invite—
 That way, O Lord?

Not that way, Lord?
But see how narrow is the other path,
 How steep and bare;
No shady nooks, no blooming, fragrant flowers
 Invite me there.
Beside its entrance-way there stands a cross,
And they who travel there must suffer loss—
 This way, O Lord?

This is the way;
But lo! a radiant vision falls upon
 My raptured sight;
Along that narrow path my Saviour goes,
 By day and night.
He smiles upon the burdens that I bear,
Till e'en the lifted cross grows passing fair—
 Yea, this way, Lord.

This blessed way!
Whene'er my footsteps falter as I climb
My radiant Guide
Doth take my hand, and all along the way
He walks beside;
Where'er the path is rough he gently leads,
And from his fulness he supplies my needs—
Yea, this way, Lord.

This way, O Lord,
Or any way, if thou wilt be my guide,
Enough for me
Through shine and shadow, all along the way
To follow Thee.
Thy presence takes the bitter from the loss;
It is not hard with thee, to bear the cross—
This way, O Lord.

For He Careth for You

There is never a load of grief or care
But the Master knows it all;
There is never a heartache anywhere
But he sees the tear drops fall.

There is never a wounded spirit's cry,
Nor a broken heart's despair,
But the balm of his tender sympathy
Is breathed in compassion there.

There is never a toilsome journey set
But his mile-stones mark the way;
And ne'er was a night so dreary yet
But he gave another day.

In the Streets Thereof

("And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.")

They are lost to mortal vision, but by faith my eager
eyes
Seem to sweep the golden streets within the gates of
Paradise;
And I almost hear the laughter of the children at their
play—
Almost see the white-robed little forms along the shin-
ing way.

Safely-guarded little children—never hungry, never
cold.
Playing by the crystal river—never weary, never old.
Shining eyes, and dimpled faces, merry, tripping little
feet—
Never faltering as they lightly tread the radiant gold-
en street.

Happy-hearted little children—not a tear to dim
their eyes;
Straying, playing, every moment filled with rapturous
surprise.
Singing till the heavenly arches with their melodies
resound,
And the music of their voices wakes the echoes all
around.

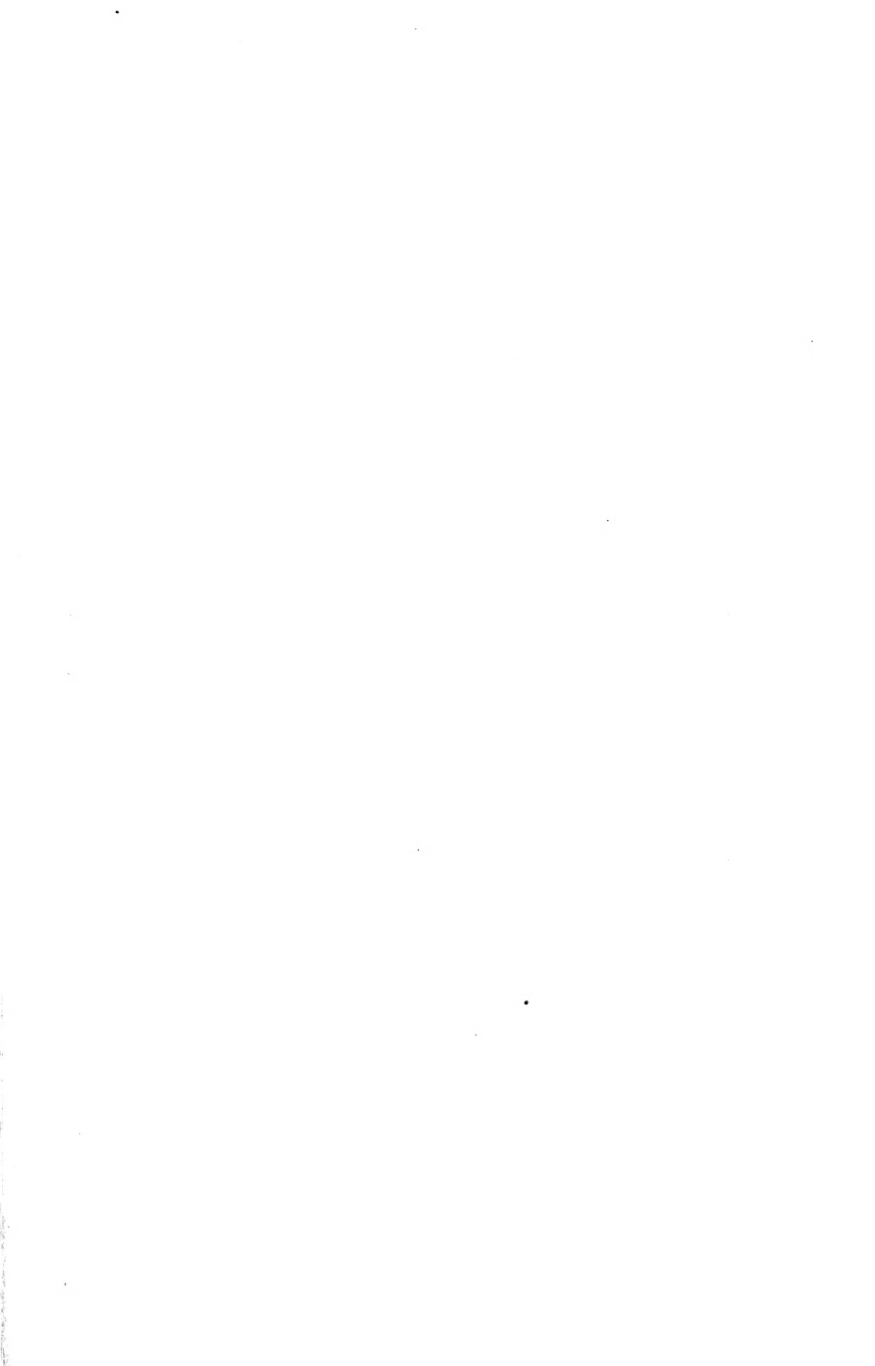
Aye, the streets are full of children in the City of De-
light,
And it is not idle dreaming—not a vision of the night.
White-robed little forms are flitting all along the shin-
ing way,
And I almost hear the laughter of the children at their
play.

“Be of Good Cheer”

What matters it, friend, if the way be long?
There are wayside flowers, there are bursts of song
To gladden the fleeting hours.
The ship sails not till the strong winds blow,
And the sun shines on, tho’ the clouds hang low—
Why fret at the passing showers?

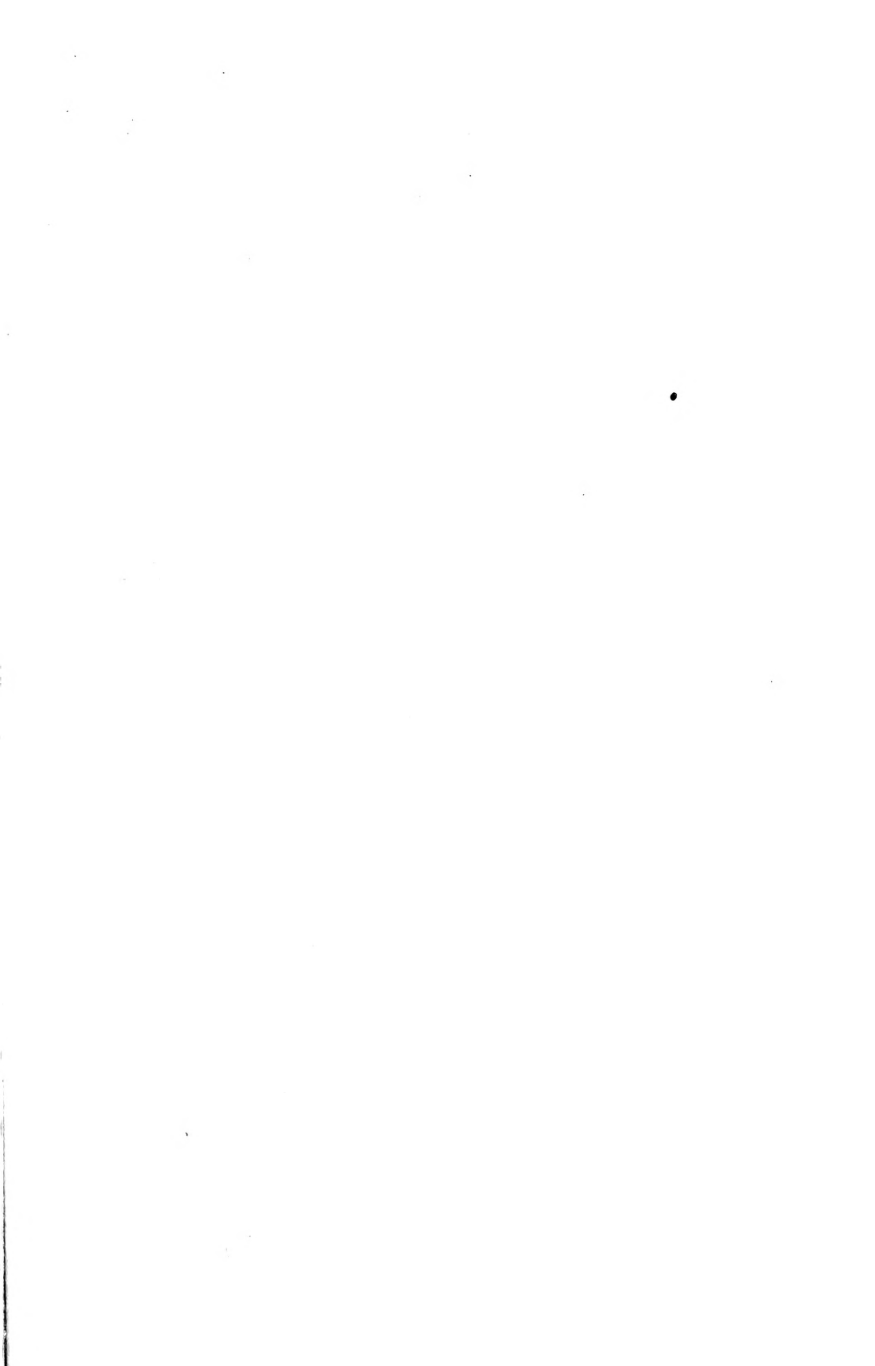
You may hear the sunshine wherever you go,
For a smiling face is the face to show—
The world hath need of your cheer.
Why add to its burden of groans and sighs,
’Twere better by far to call to its eyes
A smile instead of a tear.

Be brave, and be glad, and your joy will rest
Like a nested bird in some troubled breast;
Some heart with its sore repining
Will find the star in the midnight sky,
And catch the gleam, as the clouds drift by,
Of the radiant silver lining.





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